

PASTOR CRUZAN'S SERMON.

Proverbs 23:32—At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

St. John, as he stood upon the sand of the sea in Patmos, looking with God-inspired vision into the beyond, and sweeping the future of the race with prophetic eye, tells us that he saw a beast with seven-fold head, and ten-fold horns, whose mouth spoke great things, and horrible blasphemies, and to whom power was given over all kindreds, tongues and nations. I do not know the meaning of this prophetic vision. I doubt if any one does.

I. But, if you were asked to name a single sin of which this seven-headed, ten-horned beast is a fitting symbol could you not do it? There is one great evil which to-day, more than all others, "speaks great things and blasphemies," and its power is world-wide. Not only so, it is the parent and producing cause of nearly all other sins. It kindles the fires of passion and lust and debauchery and blackens the souls of men and women. It jingles the burglar's key, and lights the dark lantern of the house-breaker. It brandishes the assassin's knife and presses its finger on the murderer's pistol. It pours out the cup of poison, and hurls the suicide unbidden into the presence of an offended God. It builds our jails, prisons, penitentiaries, almshouses and insane asylums and crowds their wards with victims. It covers this fair world with gallows and other horrible instruments of punishment, and furnishes criminals to swing from them.

It has torn the royal diadem from the monarch's brow; robbed the warrior of his laurel wreath; dimmed the brilliant genius of the statesman and philosopher; brought stammering imbecility to the tongue of eloquence; broken the poet's wing and stripped the clergyman of his robes, and changed God-like powers of mind, and soul, and body into idiotic, drivelling imbecility.

You are in no doubt as to what great sin I mean. If you were asked to name that evil, which, more than any other—aye, all others combined—had destroyed the happiness of families; had broken the hearts of loving wives; had blasted the affections, characters and prospects of childhood; had turned homes of cheerfulness and comfort into prisons of despair; had substituted rage for garments of taste, and had brought every conceivable degradation on him who commits it, and desolation and cruelty on beings of innocence and love—what would you name? How long could you doubt?

Your answer would be: "Of all the curses inflicted on an individual, on families, on communities, on a nation, there is nothing so unmitigatedly hellish, devilish as intemperance."

And your answer would be correct. There is no other curse like it. There is no other woe whose smiting is so deadly, relentless and far-reaching. It over-tops and out-reaches all others. Like the "trail of the serpent, it is over it all."

Does this seem like rhetoric and exaggeration to some of you? Have you, while acknowledging that rum is an evil, put a lesser estimate upon it? Has it somewhat hidden itself from your sight?

Well, let me say that its secrecy, its hushed universality, is one of its characteristics. The serpent crawls under the weeds, and lies coiled out of sight. But the cobra is none the less deadly because unseen—but more deadly. This evil is the more awful because it is so insidious and stealthy. It is like the legends of subtlest cruelty. It tightens its bands in the night-watches. It devises its wrongs in the depths. So subtle and so secret is it that even its victim is not aware of the slimy folds around him; he feels no pressure and laughs at the idea of danger.

It is like the chamber of torture of an eastern despot. Except that it was singularly bare of furniture, his victim found there everything to minister to his comfort and to soothe his fears. Though pining for liberty he had no fears of one who cared so sedulously for every want. But one day the idea dawned upon him that his room was narrower than when he first entered it. It seemed absurd, impossible, but still the idea haunted him. To assure himself that it was untrue, he marked the wall. In the morning he eagerly searched for his mark! Horror! It was not to be found; the inner wall was slowly closing in upon him; he was in a living tomb which at last, slowly, remorselessly crushed him.

So this remorseless destroyer silently, insidiously, noiselessly does its work. Not until it is too late does its victim dream of danger.

It lays its spell on those who are free. The destruction, and desolation wrought by this great evil has become so much a matter of course, that the public conscience is deadened and the public heart is hard.

I weary of temperance statistics. I will not weary you with them.

Let us suppose that but one man only should be destroyed in this kingdom in one year by rum. One soul ruined! do you know all that means? A soul that deathless part which in its essence and image partakes of the nature of God. Think of what it is by creation: of what it may become by redemption, and then watch the results when it is brought under the power of strong drink. See the lower appetites aroused and given rule and supremacy; the bestial passions excited to riot; the cruellest desires nerve-

d to decision. See the instinct of self-respect weakened, the manly virtue of self-control broken down, the desire for personal purity crushed out. See the mind maddened, demoralized, dethroned, the soul polluted, and the moral sense degraded; all the higher Godward side of the man's nature given over a prey to sin and degradation! See the soul which once was clean and white, and which the blood of Christ might have restored to its childish purity and beauty, given over on earth to all things foul and vile, and hurled at last into the guilt and woe of the second death!

All this on the spiritual side. But mark how the physical ruin keeps pace with, and records the spiritual.

All over the body, that crowning masterpiece of creation, Rum brings ruin, and from its crumbling walls flings out his banners of victory. He burns out the stomach, pours his liquid fire into the blood, clogs and congests the brain, weakens the muscles, strikes the nerves with his red hot hand of disease and pain, and shatters them, pours rheum over the eyes, and makes them glare through the matted hair like those of a hunted wild animal, sends reeking exhalations through the pores of the skin, taints and poisons the breath, makes a lighthouse of the nose, loosens the joints, and burns his way into the very marrow of the bones. At last Rum slowly bends his victim forward and sends him tottering, almost on all-fours, and shrieks out in infernal triumph as he stands over the dying drunkard, "Behold the beast! Stripped of all that makes him a man!"

Then add to all this the incidental disgrace and loss. The regard of neighbors alienated; the affection of friends estranged; the interests of business neglected; the pledges of truth openly violated; the home made wretched; the vows of love dishonored; a loving husband changed into a beast and fiend; a father transformed into a monster of cruelty; the crimes committed and the punishment incurred; the want necessitated; the sickness, and hunger, and strife, and violence, and "wounds without cause," with death, terrible, dark, awful, hopeless, and Godless death to end it all!

This is a faint picture of what the ruin of only one man by rum means. You know that this is not an imaginary picture. You have watched such tragedies played through from the beginning to the end. You have seen this sample case multiplied. Every year Death lets the curtain drop on more than one such—aye, many such—in this little kingdom. And the infinite loss, and wailing which each one of these tragedies work God only can compute and know.

Tell me, what else is there like intemperance? What sin is there which at once touches such monumental height, and such abysmal depth of woe?

II. What ought we to do—what can we do about it?

If a ship comes by Diamond Head yonder with smallpox on board, there is a great clamor. We expect that the ship will be stopped—that she must not cross the reef. We expect that our Board of Health will do its duty, and prevent the infection from touching our shores. And if, through any neglect there are cases, and it begins to smite victims, though it may touch only here and there a house of squalor, everybody is up in arms about it.

We know there are scores, hundreds of persons in our little city who are infected with this fever of drink. Their neighbors know it. Their employers and partners, and customers, know it. You and I know it.

Almost any of us could put down the names of scores of these men. We know that this habit is eating out the lives and manhood of many otherwise worthy and most desirable men.

No one can successfully dispute this fact. In view of it, I appeal to you once more—what ought we each one to do?

I believe that the strong, safe, successful, Christian stand for each one to take is that of total abstinence. I believe that you should take this stand.

First—For your own sakes.

I do not say—I do not even intimate—that because a man drinks moderately he will, of necessity, become a sot and a drunkard. We know that is not true. Millions of men have drunk liquor moderately all their lives, and have never gone down into the gutter.

But other millions have begun as moderate drinkers, and, in spite of all warnings, have gradually passed the line which separates moderation from excess, and have died miserable drunkards.

This we know: All drunkards were first moderate drinkers. They "were in no danger." They "could control themselves."

But they did not.

Are you certain that you can? And that you will?

In "Pilgrim's Progress" we read: "Then Christian called to Demas, saying, 'Is not the place dangerous? Hath it not hindered many in their pilgrimage?' 'Not very dangerous,' said Demas, 'except to those that are careless.' But, withal, he blushed as he spoke." —PACO

You say: "I can give it up if I please." So you can. But will you? And will this always be true, that you "can give it up if you please?" I hope it will. But I have known men just as strong as you, around whom the serpent-coils were so tight that

they would give everything in the world for release.

I knew a strong man, who wore honorably the eagles of Colonel in the war of Rebellion, who was a brilliant orator and one of our ablest lawyers in the tenth district of Iowa. I have knelt by his side, and heard him say, "O, God help me! O, Christ help me!" The last words I ever heard him say were: "I believe the Bible, and in a future state of retribution, and I will not live a drunkard. If I fall again I am a dead man." He did fall, and he was a dead man—slain by his own hand.

A glass of wine is "a little thing," a "small affair;" but I care not what it is holds a man, so long as he is held by it. Some men play with this "little thing" until they are in the position of the man on picket-guard, who called back to the officer of the guard, "I've got a prisoner!" "Bring him in." "He won't come in." "Well, then, you had better come in without him." "But he won't let me."

"But," you say, "you insult me when, by your warning you insinuate that I am not strong enough to stop when I please!" Strong enough now; but will you be "at the last?"

What was it that silenced Sheridan's voice, and shattered the golden scepter with which he swayed Parliaments and Courts? What foul spirit turned the sweet rhythm of Robert Burns into tuneless babble? What brought down the majestic form of Daniel Webster, and sent him home dead drunk from the office of Secretary of State? What was it that stripped the laurels from the brow of Illinois' great war Governor, Richard Yates, and sent him reeling from the Senate Chamber a disgraced, dishonored wreck? What was it that the Little Giant (Stephen A. Douglas) found stronger than he, which sent him at the early age of 48 into a drunkard's grave? These all found "at the last" that like Laocoon they could not escape from the slimy folds of the accursed serpent. Are you stronger than these "mighty ones?"

"But," you say, "I am a Christian; I trust in God to keep me. I believe with Paul that nothing is unclean of itself. I claim my Christian liberty to indulge moderately. God will keep me."

Yonder in Portland, Oregon, I knew a man, one of the worst "dead-beats" in that city; he was one of the finest classical scholars I ever saw—a graduate of a Divinity School of old Edinburgh, and for years a successful Presbyterian clergyman. Did God keep him?

A few years ago there was a poor wretch staggering through the streets of Albany, N. Y., uttering Greek and Latin quotations. A clergyman who visited him in his cell recognized him as the successor of Rev. Dr. Chalmers, in Glasgow, Scotland, and one of the most eloquent ministers who ever preached in that city. Did God keep him? The wife of a clergyman, noted for her charity and good works, died in a drunken debauch in a Boston station-house. They heard her in the night crying, "O, Christ have mercy on me! O God, for Jesus' sake, have mercy on me!" Was it safe for her because she was a Christian to drink moderately?

"But," you say again, "just as soon as I find out that it is injuring me I will give it up."

No, you won't.

When will a man find out that it is injuring him? Everybody else can see it; but did you ever know a man, until he got into the gutter, who would acknowledge that liquor injured him?

And what is it to be injured by drink? There are young men in this city of whom it would be libelous to say that they are drunkards; but are they not drinking enough to injure them? Are they not already marked young men—marked by their employers and by staid business men? Have they not already acquired the reputation of being "fast," and "jovial, good fellows?"

Some of these young men have mothers; they love and honor them. If I, or any man, should say a word against their mothers they would beat me like a dog. And yet they are steadily, wilfully, breaking their mothers' hearts, and they know it. When they go out at night they press their lips upon their mothers' cheek, and she says, "Don't be late, my boy." He comes home at midnight, with the smell of liquor on his breath, and finds his mother waiting for him. As he kisses his mother good-night again, he knows that she will go to her room and weep till morning.

Do you tell me that liquor does not hurt him, when it is killing that mother? Does he not know that every step he takes in liquor-drinking is planted on his mother's breaking heart?

II. And this suggests, second, that we should not use liquor for the sake of others. I appeal to you, fathers, for the sake of your children. Horace Mann was once speaking at the dedication of a reform school building, and said: "If this school shall be the means of thoroughly reforming only one boy, and transforming him from a ruffian into a noble man, it will more than have paid for all the money and thought and time expended." "Didn't you exaggerate when you said that?" said one of the listeners. "Not if he was my boy," said Horace Mann.

You say we exaggerate the evils and horrors of intemperance. What if this serpent should crawl over your own threshold? That little boy who twines his arms about your neck—how you love him. What would you give to save that child from curvature of the spine—from becoming a poor, crawling cripple upon the floor? "Give! Give! anything, everything I have in the world." Yes, I believe you. What would you give to save him from epilepsy and driveling idiocy? "Oh!" you say, "I would rather die than have my boy an idiot!" Yes, so would I.

But would you not rather see that boy both a crawling cripple and a driveling idiot, through no fault of his own, than to see him a confirmed drunkard? Look into the bestial face of a drunkard, and then think of your boy transforming himself into such a wreck? Do we exaggerate the evil of drunkenness now? Can we exaggerate when you think of it drawing its slimy length across your threshold and twining itself around your boy?

Well, let me say, in all kindness, if you are a moderate drinker, and especially if you were a moderate drinker before that boy was born, he is doubly periled and should be doubly guarded and trained.

It is coming to be one of the well-established facts of medical science that the parent whose blood and secretions are saturated with liquor transmits to his child a terrible legacy. Dr. Anstet, one of the best authorities on heredity, says: "The tendency to drink is a disease which is inherited. The habit of the parent does not appear in the child merely as a habit, but in most cases as an irresistible impulse, a disease." The father may drink moderately all his days, and never feel the ill effects of his indulgence, but his child will have within him a fiery nerve of appetite when he is born, which awaits only the liquid spark of rum to make it a raging destroying conflagration.

John B. Gough's father, he tells us, was a respectable, God-fearing, moderate drinker, and never the worse for liquor. He died at the age of 94. "My father," says Mr. Gough, "could be a moderate drinker. His son could no more be a moderate drinker than you could blow up a magazine moderately or fire off a gun a little at a time."

I've seen boys, sons of men who drank daily, and "were never the worse for liquor," dead drunk before they were ten years of age, and confirmed drunkards while yet in their "teens."

I tell you heredity has long, strong arms. Many a father long years dead, reaches out from his grave the skeleton hand of the moderate drinker and presses the fatal cup to his boy's lips, and at last thrusts the pistol against his head which sends him into a suicide's and drunkard's grave.

Beware how you put your child under the remorseless law of heredity. And if by your own moderate indulgence you have thus weighted him with a dormant appetite, give yourself, by example and precept, to the one work of guarding him, and establishing him in total abstinence principles, so that, so far as possible, you may undo your own work, and not be the means of your own son's destruction.

But others have claims on you besides those of your own family. Some one has said: "If you are fond of wine you should abstain for your own sake. If you are not then abstain for the sake of others." "No man liveth to himself." Each man is the center of a net-work of influences. Before God we are responsible for influence. We know that however strong you may be, many men are weak, and are in dreadful danger of falling under the awful power of drunkenness. We know this. Let me put alongside this fact God's word: "Destroy not him with thy meat (i. e. with any indulgence however lawful) for whom Christ died."

Years ago in a town in Pennsylvania, a meeting was held to decide whether licenses should be granted to sell liquor for the ensuing year. One and another favored the motion. It seemed likely to pass with no opposition. But suddenly an object arose in a distant corner, to which all eyes were turned. It was an old woman, poorly clad, but showing in her flashing eye and general look of intelligence, that she had seen better days. She begged the privilege of saying a few words: "You all know who I am, and that once I had one of the best homes in this town, and was the happy wife and mother of as good a husband and noble sons as ever woman had. But, alas! they are all in drunkard's graves. You, doctor, drank with them, and told them that moderate drinking does no harm. You, reverend minister, too, drank with my husband, told him that liquor was a 'good creature' of God, and by your example urged him on. You, Deacon, sold them their liquor, and now have my home and my farm. I return to the poor-house, for that now is my home. I shall probably never meet you, gentlemen, again till you face your victims at the bar of God. But I have dragged myself here to plead with you to spend the rest of your lives in trying to save men, and to ask you to say, by your votes, that this monster shall not be sold here any longer to destroy other husbands and sons as it has destroyed mine."

She sat down. There was a painful pause. The vote was put, and one thunderous "No!" told the effect of her appeal.

Public opinion has changed some since then. We no longer make Deacons of rum-sellers, and not many ministers now are moderate-drinkers; but liquor, and its woe, and ruin, and the evil of a bad example have not changed one whit.

So, for the sake of others, I ask you to give up what may be to you a lawful and harmless indulgence.

Do I speak to one man who has come under the power of this habit, and longs to break the bonds, and stand forth a free man. Let me tell you that so long as you try of yourself alone, the struggle will be in vain. The longer I work in the temperance cause the less confidence I have in pledges, and lodges and mere resolutions. These may all be a help, but in nine cases out of ten they will fail, and "the last state of that man will be worse than the first." "Then is there no hope?" Yes. Just as soon as you quit trusting in yourself, and men, and institutions, and trust in God—wholly, completely, unreservedly.

Mr. Gough says that going into a car the next morning, after lecturing in a town in Ohio, he sat down by a man, who said: "I heard your lecture last night. I went home to my wife and said, I will never touch another drop of liquor as long as I live! She saw I meant it. She looked at me earnestly and then went down on her knees. I did not like that. I am not one of the praying kind. This morning I woke up and wanted liquor. I couldn't eat. Every fibre of my being cried out for whisky." His lip quivered and his whole face was convulsed as he said, "I have been on my knees myself over an hour this morning."

"Keep there," said Mr. Gough, "and you will keep sober."

Aye, there is the only place of hope. No man ever drank a glass of liquor while he was praying God to keep him sober.

"But," you say, "I am such a wreck, and so weak, and unworthy—a poor, miserable wretch. Can God think of such as I?"

Two boys were in a hospital together—street waifs; one with both legs amputated. They laid side by side. One crept toward the other as the sun was going down, and said: "Bob, did you ever hear of Jesus?" "No." "Bob, I went to mission-school, and they told me Jesus would take a feller to heaven when he died—where there would be no cold and hunger, if a feller would only ax him." "O, I couldn't ax him. He wouldn't speak to a poor boy like me."

"But, don't you want your legs to stop aching, Bob?" "Don't I?" "Well, ax him." "How can I?" "Bob, they told me in the mission-school that Jesus passes by. That means that he comes around. He used to come around where the sick and lame was, they told me at the mission. Perhaps he'll come to this 'ere hospital. Hold up you're head, Bob, and if he comes around he'll see it."

The little grimy hand was raised, and then dropped. Again, and again it fell. The little waif burst into tears, "Bob, you just let me prop it up with my pillow." And he took his own pillow and propped up the dying boy's hand.

In the morning the street waif was dead; but his little hand rigid and cold, was still held up for Jesus!

Think you Jesus did not see it? Did not Jesus pass by that cot? Was the little grimy hand upraised in vain?

No! no! no!

Cry unto him from the depths of your want, and woe, and bondage for deliverance, and deliverance will come. And you shall once more walk these streets free, because the Son hath made you free!

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Princess Poamalau has commissioned J. Kaupihapala as keeper of the Pound at Kaneohe, Hamakua, Hawaii.

The Post Office will dispatch a mail for Hongkong by the bark Ceylon, closing at 2 p.m. to-day. Some 200 passengers leave by this vessel.

We call attention to the advertisement in another column of Miles Brothers' new stations at Marshfield. They include Bazaar, a Lexington; Bay Flower, a Lexington; and Donald Dinnie, Jr., a Clydesdale station.

His Excellency W. M. Gibson has placed at the disposal of the Board of Health for office purposes, free of charge, his premises at the rear of the Music Hall, until the new Government building is completed. This will be finished in about three months.

Mr. Wiseman announces his various specialties elsewhere. He is one of the most active young business men in the city, and he can attend to it in every form. It would be recapitulation to state all that he does, for our advertising columns does that. We bespeak for Wiseman a liberal patronage, for he is worthy of it.

It will be seen we publish this morning the balance of Mr. Cruzan's excellent sermon of Sunday last. It would overbalance our paper and overtax our compositors to put a whole discourse in one issue, and it would overtax the readers of the Advertiser, but the sermon is worth cutting out and preserving for its excellent sound common sense.